



3
Gaudēam^s syngē we i hoc sacro tēpē
Puer nobis natus ē ex Maria virgine

Marymoder come and se
Thy sone is naped on a tre
Hande and fote he may not go
His body is wrapped all in wo

Upon a tre naped he is
To byngē vs all to heuen blyss
For a dam that dyde anyss
For an aple that was so fre

From his heed vnto his too
His skynne is torne and flekke also
His body is bothe wanne and blo
And naped he is on a tre

Thy louely sone that thou hast borne
Is crowned with a crowne of thorne
To saue mankynde that was but losse
And byngē man but to his liberte

20
Cohan Johan this tale began to tell
Mary wolde no lenger dwell
But went amonge the Jewes sell
where she myght her sone se

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25 **My** swete sone that arte me dere
why hangest thou on rode here

Thy hede is wythen all in a byere

Louely sone what may this be.

30 **Mod**er to Johan I the betake
Johan kepe this woman for my sake

On rode I am emendes to make

For synfull man as ye may se.

This game of loue I must play

For mannes soule it is no nay

25 **There** is no man that goth by the way

But on my body he may haue pyte

This payne þ men haue me wrought

For synfull soules I haue it bought

Of all this smerte yet rewe I nought

If man wolde be kynde to me.

40 **My** blode colet my fleshe doth fall

I am athyrst after drynke I call

They geue me clyll menged with gall

A woys drynke may there be none.

Fader my soule to the I betake.

My body dyeth for mannes sake

To hell I must withouten make
 Thankynde for to make fre
 God that deyed for vs all
 Bozne of a mayde in an ore stall
 Graunt vs his realme celest pall
 Amen/amen/ for charyte.

Finis.

Of saynt Steuen

To saynt Steuē wyl we pray
 To pray for vs bothe nyght and day
 Of saynt Steuen goddes knyght
 That preched þe sayth day & nyght
 He tolde the Jewes as it was ryght
 That Chryst was bozne of a may.
 The Jewes sayd in grete scorne
 That Chryst was not of a mayde bozne
 Than sayd Steuen ye are but lozne
 And all that beleue in your lay.
 Now is spronge the welle of lyfe
 Of Mary moder mayde and wyfe
 Therefore the Jewes fell at stryfe
 And with steuē thā dy. pu. ed they.

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15 **T**he wycked Jewes at the last
 Stones at Steuen they gan cast
 His hed and armes they all to brast
 And made his body in foule aray.
 20 **S**teuen that was full mylde of mode
 Thought he were all reed in blode
 In his prayers styll he stode
 And cryng to good thus he dyde say
 25 **L**orde god for thy myghtfull grace
 Forgyue the Jewes theyr trespase
 And gyue theym grace to se thy face
 In the Joye that lasteth aye.
 30 **T**o heuen he loketh soone on hys
 To the father and sone truly
 And to the holy goost he gan cry
 35 **R**eceyue my soule I the pray.
God receyued his boone anon
 Downe came aungeles many one
 They toke his soule & to heuē dyd gone
 To blyssednesse that lasteth aye.
 40 **T**o that blyss that is so goode
 Iheū that dyed vpon the croode

36

Grunt vs for his precyous bloode
Our saluacyon at domes day.
¶ Finis.

¶ Of saynt Iohn.

¶ Pray for vs to god on hye
Blyssed saynt Iohan and our lady.

O Blesyd Iohan ⁊ euangelyst
Wryght dere beloued of Iesu cryst
The preurte of heuē in erthe thou wylt
As touchynge to the trynpte.
¶ That pryncce that is withouten pere
To Iohan he toke his mode dere
All whyle he lyued in erthe here
That vyrgyns were bothe he and she.
¶ This noble Iohan that we of rede
Informed vs of Chrystes dede
The whyle that he on erthe yede
In his gospels so fynde we.

15

Whan Chyyst on crosse hanged so hy
 He sayd vnto his moder Mary
 Lo there thy lone standynge the by
And se thy moder Johan sayd he
 Nowe pray we to this saynt echone
 20 **F**or vs to pray to god in trone
 Out of this lyfe whan we shall gone
 To se hym in his mayeste
Finis.

A caroll of the Innocentes.

Marke this longe for it is trewe
 For it is trewe as clerkes tell.

5

In olde tyme straung thyng? cam to pas
 Grete wonder & grete metuayll was
 In Israell.

There was one Octauyan
 Octauyan of Rome Emperour.
 As bokes olde doth specyfy

Of all the wyde worlde trulpe.

He was lord and gouvrenour.

The Jewes that tyme lackyd a kyng
They lackyd a kyng to gyde them well
The Emperour of power and myght
Chose one Herode agaynst all ryght
In Israell.

This Herode tha was kyng of Jewys
was kyng of Jewys & he no Jewe
for sothe he was a panyne bozne
wherfore on fayth it may be swozne
He reygned kyng vntrewe.

By prophete one Isay
One Isay at lest dyd tell
A chylde sholde come wonderous newys
þ shold be bozne trewe kyng of Jewys
In Israell.

This Herode knew one bozne shold be
One bozne sholde be of trewe lenage
That sholde be ryght herytour
For he but by the Emperour
was made by usurpage.

36
Wherfoze of thzought this kyng Herode
This kyng Herode in grete fere fell
For all the days most in his myrth
But he fered Chrystes byrth
35 In Israell.

The tyme came it pleased god
It pleased god so to come to pas
For mannes soule in dede
His blyfled sone was bozne wryth spede
40 As his wyll was

At dynges came to kynke Herode
To kyng Herode and dyd hym tell
That one bozne forsoth is he
Whiche lord and kyng of all shall be
45 In Israell.

Herode thā raged as he were woode
As he were wode of this tydyng
And sent for all his scribes sure
Yet wolde he not trust the scrpyture
50 Nor of theyr counceyllyng.

Then this was the conclusyon
The conclusyon of his counceill

34
To sende vnto his knyghtes anone
To sle the chylderne euerythone
In Israell.

55
This cruell kyng this tyranny
This tyranny dyd put in vze
Bytwene a day and yeres too
All men chylderne he dyd sloo

60
Of Cryst for to be sure.

65
Yet Herode myssed his cruell pray
His cruell pray as was goddes wyll
Joseph with Mary than dyd fle
With Cryst to Egypt gone was she
From Israell.

70
All this whyle this tyrantes
This tyrantes wolde not couert
But innocentes ponge
That lay lokynge

They thurst to the herte.

This Herode sought the chyldren
This chyldren ponge with corage fell
But in doyng this vengeaunce
His owne sone was slayne by chaunce

75

In Israell.

Alas I thynke the moders were wo
The moders were wo it was grete skyl
What motherly payne
To se them slayne

80

In cradels lyeng styll:

But god hym selfe hath theym electe
Hath theym electe in heuyn to dwell.
For they were bathed in theyr blode
For theyr baptysm for soth it stode

85

In Israell.

Alas agayne what hartes had they
What hart had they those babes to kyll
With swerdes wgan they hym caught
In cradels they lay and laught
And neuer thought yll.

90

¶ Finis.

This was the tenour of her talkynge

Timor mortis conturbat me.

I asked that byrde what she ment

I am a mulket fayre & gent

Foꝛ fere of dethe I am all hent

Timor mortis conturbat me

Whan I shall dye I know no day

Contrey noꝛ place I can not say

wherfoꝛe this longe syngge I may

Timor mortis conturbat me.

Jesu chryste whan he sholde dye

To his father gan he crye

Father he saydin trynkte

Timor mortis conturbat me

All chrysten people beholde & se

This worlde is but a vanyte

Foꝛ therein is but necessyte

Timor mortis conturbat me.

Wake oz slepe/ eat oz drynke!

whan I on my last ende do thynke

Foꝛ great fere my soule doth synke

Timor mortis conturbat me.

Amen.

Blessyd Stephan we the praye
 Ozo nobis preces funde

I Shall you tell this ylike nyght
 Of saynt Stephan goddes knyght
 He tolde the Jewes that it was ryght
 That Cryst was bozne of a mayde
 Blessyd Stephan. &c.

Then sayd the Jewes w grete scozne
 That goddes sone myght not be bozne
 Stephan sayd ye be forlozne
 And all that byleueth on that lay
 Blessyd Stephan. &c.

This Stephē whā he was most pyte
 In Crystes lawe illumynate
 The Jewes hym toke with grete dyspyte
 without the towne to lapidate
 Blessyd Stephan. &c.

The cursyd Jewes at the last
 Stones at Stephan they gan cast
 They bette hym and bounde hym fast
 And made his body in foule aray
 Blessyd Stephan. &c.

42
¶ When the aungell Iue began
Fleshe and blode togyder ran
Mary bare bothe god and man
Through the vertue of benygnyte.
¶ So sayth the gospell of laynt Iohann
God and man is made bothe one
In fleshe and breed/ blode and bone
One god in persones thre.
¶ And the prophete Jeremy
Tolde in his prophecy
That the sone of Mary
For vs wolde dye on tree.
¶ He hath Ioye to you graunted
And in erth peace hath plaunted
Whan yborne was that saynted
In the londe of Galilee
¶ Mary graunte vs the blyss
Where thy sone dwellynge is
And of that we haue done amysse
Thou pray for vs for charyte.

¶ Finis. A. iii.

45
This voyce both sharp & also
Shalbe herd from heuen to e,
All mydle erthe it shall fulfyll

Venite ad iudiciu.

A voyce. &c.

5
Venite is a blyssed song
For them that for ioye dooth longe
And shall forsake paynes strong

Venite ad iudiciu.

A voyce. &c.

10
Glad in hert may they be
Whan Chyyst sayeth Venite
Ye blyssed chyldren come to me

In to vitam eternam

A voyce. &c.

15
Whan I hongred he gaue me meat
Ye clothed me agaynst the weat
In trouble ye dyde me not forgeat

Venite ad iudiciu.

A voyce. &c.

20
Ye socoured me at your doore
And for my sake gaue to the poore

there wyll I pou socooze
 Venite ad iudiciū.

25

A voyce..&c.

¶ Soz in hert may they be
 That hereth this heuy woꝛde, Ite
 Ye cursed chyldren go fro me
 In to ignem eternum

3.

A voyce..&c.

¶ Whan for nede that I dyde crye
 Comfortlesse ye lete me dye
 Therfore now I you deny
 Venite ad iudiciū

35

A voyce..&c.

¶ For by me ye set no store
 Ye shall abyepght dere therfore
 In hell with deuyls for euermore
 Venite ad iudiciū

40

A voyce..&c.

finis.

¶ 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20

47
Iesu Chyriste fili dei viui misere-
bis. Alleluya. 20

Most souerayn lord Chyrist.
Born of a mayd þeuer was true
With grace and goodnesse þe endue
That now syngeth this. Miserere nobis.

Iesu chryste fili dei viui.

Lorde of mercy by propre condycion
That of mankynd made the redemption
Graunt vs now this petycion
That now syngeth this. Miserere nobis.

Iesu chryste fili dei viui. &c.

Iesu preserue vs and be our spede
With grace to socour vs at our nede
To do thy pleasure in worde and dede
That now syngeth this. Miserere nobis.

Iesu chryste. &c.

Punish wroth synners by thy myght
But with mercy medled with ryght
So that we may lyue in thy syght
That now syngeth this. Miserere nobis.